

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

Fight for FREEDOM—1

SINCE the dawn of history has been recorded a fight, that is not yet finished, for freedom and liberty. Men's conception of what they mean has changed and developed; and all men do not agree, still, upon the interpretation of these ideas.

Let us see, however, by a rapid glance through the ages, what liberty and freedom have meant to some of the world's greatest minds—minds that have influenced the fate and destinies of men and of nations. The reader may find it of interest to try and recall what he knows of those who are quoted; and also what he remembers of conditions at the time these men spoke.

Ye have been called unto liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another.—*Galatians v, 13.*

Give me liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties.—*John Milton.*

But take heed lest by any means this liberty of yours become a stumbling-block to them that are weak.—*I. Corinthians, viii, 9.*

Good people, airs can only go well in England when there shall be neither serf nor nobles, and when all shall be equal.—*John Wyclif* (1400).

I forbid robbery and all unrighteous deeds by all classes of society.—*King Athelred (978).*

We at no time stand so highly in our estate royal as in time of Parliament, wherein we as head and you as members are conjoined and knit together in one body politic.—*King Henry VIII.*

No laws are binding on the human subject which assault the body or violate the conscience.—*Sir William Blackstone.*

The spirit of liberty is not, as multitudes imagine, a jealousy of our own particular rights, but a respect for the rights of others, and an unwillingness that anyone, whether high or low, should be wronged or trampled under foot.—*William E. Channing.*

'SNAKE KING' WINS M.B.E.

WHEN Burgess Barnett took up medicine as a career he concentrated on the medicinal uses of reptiles.

After serving in the R.A.M.C. in the last war he went to Peru, where he was able to extend his knowledge of reptiles. In 1932 he returned as Curator of Reptiles at London Zoo, where he became known as the Reptile King.

Dr. Barnett's job of handling thousands of reptiles was reputed to be the most dangerous in the country. Every day he faced agonising death—but only once did he get badly bitten.

He was in hospital a week. Now the "London Gazette" announces that Dr. Burgess Barnett has been awarded the M.B.E. for courageous work in a long march from evacuated Burma.

Dr. Barnett is now fifty-five.

S7

A Message from ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR DUDLEY POUND, G.C.B., G.C.V.O.

Admiralty,
Whitehall, S.W.1



"Having the opportunity of reading the first issue of "Good Morning," I heartily congratulate the members of the Editorial Staff on the results of their efforts.

There are many occasions when our submarines get more excitement than can be appreciated at the moment, but these exciting interludes are mixed with considerable periods of comparative inactivity and it is during the latter that a daily issue of "Good Morning" will, I am sure, be greatly appreciated by the crews of our submarines.

I take this opportunity of expressing to the personnel of the submarine service my deep appreciation of their work and I wish them good hunting and good luck."

(signed)

Admiral of the Fleet.

BENEATH THE SURFACE

With
AL MALE

STRANGE how by accident one stumbles across the most unexpected.

Thinking to enjoy one of my rare evenings off, I had decided to do less than nothing when a caller informed me that the water tank used for emergency fire guard work was nearly empty and must be filled.

Cursing youthful exuberance and all that, I hied to the tank, noted that it wasn't half as bad as first information had given me to imagine, and went to the nearest house to borrow a bucket, and use of tap to fill same.

Mysterious sounds

Whilst waiting for the bucket to fill I heard tapping sounds coming from another room, and being still Morse-minded, tried to interpret them.

Couldn't make sense of it, so carried on, but every time I

waited by the tap this sound would crash in.

Job finished, I went to thank the occupant, and there was my mystery solved. The fellow was stamping out a novel in Braille.

Of course, I just had to ask him about it, and it appears that there are hundreds of kindly disposed individuals who devote most of their spare time to this wonderful work.

It takes the average person about four months to stamp out a decent-sized novel, and when it is finished the work occupies about five volumes.

Shortage of "Reading" for Blind

Paper shortage has reduced the quality of the paper, so that the volumes do not last as long as they used to, and many volumes—in fact, whole

libraries of them—have been lost in the various fires caused through enemy action. Thanks, however, to the generous-heartedness of these enthusiasts, a supply of literature is maintained.

A Generous Ambition

My friend told me that when he retires he hopes to spend most of his time in this good work; he loves the job, and, of course, derives a great amount of satisfaction from doing it.

Maybe I'm sensitive, but, somehow, I thought that there must be many people who would willingly devote part of their time towards helping the blind, if only they knew that they could learn to use these machines.

I should imagine that it must be one of the most satisfying of all hobbies... the result is immediate... the reward... the undying gratitude of the blind seeking literary enlightenment. What I call a Christian act, if you want one. Which reminds me.

Revival?

There is a lot of talk, and print, about the need for a spiritual revival, and an optimistic viewpoint expressed that such a thing is taking place.

You know, I often wish that people who talk and write this kind of stuff would take a walk with their eyes open, and then they'd see that, on the whole, most folk, particularly the working classes, have a generous quota of Christianity in their make-up.

That these backbone-of-the-country people are really sound, and that is why they are the backbone of the country.

The heroism and comradeship of the battle-fronts is, in

the main, just as existent in peace-time in the mine, on the sea, or wherever people live and work together.

These people never seek the limelight. Unfortunately, war seems to use these examples of ordinary Christian acts as a stimulant. The perpetrators being themselves the last people in the world to wish it so.

It's a well-worn phrase, "It's the poor that help the poor". . . all it means is that those who have been through the mill and have suffered privation and misfortune, realising what it meant to them, are the first to understand the sufferings of others similarly afflicted, and help them all they can.

The same spirit exists in this war as has existed in others.

Men share everything with their friends, and make all sorts of sacrifices for them, even to life itself.

The Great Mystery

The greatest mystery is, why does this spirit die gradually when those same men return to civilian life.

It wouldn't, properly handled, and if the changed conditions of life were made worth while.

If only people knew without a doubt, that their services to the community were just as valuable in peace-time as they are reckoned to be in war.

That would be the greatest campaign in history.

But well worth while.

Cheerio and Good Hunting.

WISDOM From the Past

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.

Bishop Hall (1574-1656).

I say with Didacus Stella, a dwarf standing on the shoulders of a giant may see farther than a giant himself.

Robert Burton (1575-1640).

Be wise worldly, but be not worldly wise.

Francis Quarles (1592-1644).

Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie; A fault that needs it most, grows two thereby.

George Herbert (1593-1632).

I remember that a wise friend of mine did usually say, "That which is everybody's business is nobody's business."

Izaak Walton (1593-1683).

Health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of—a blessing that money cannot buy.

Izaak Walton (1593-1683).



Braille sheets are varnished to preserve their life. Here are some drying out.

SUNDAY FARE

Take a Tip
with C. B. Westall
Misere at Solo

MISERE is a difficult call to make. Without the 2 and preferably 3 of your long suit, you are just committing suicide to call Misere. Avoid, too, five-card suits headed by an honour, unless you have a void in a suit on which you may reasonably discard it. This, of course, is all very elementary. When it comes to Misere Ouverte, my advise is the same as Mr. Punch's to those about to be married—"Don't."

Let me give a hand in which a player had as near an ideal Misere Ouverte hand as may be imagined. Here is the whole hand:

South declared Misere Ouverte, West led the S. 10, North played the 9 and South played his singleton 2 and placed his hand on the table. Now, can

♠ A K J 8 6 4 3	♦ A K Q J 10	♣ None
♥ K Q J 10 9	♠ Q 9 7 5	
♦ 7 5 3	♥ 8 5	
♣ A K Q 4	♦ 9 8 6 4	
♠ 10	♣ 8 7 5	
♥ 7 6 4 3 2	♦ 2	
♦ 2	♣ J 10 9 6 3 2	

you work out how South was defeated? Before reading any more, get the cards out and try it.

Well, here is the way it was done. At the second trick

ODD CORNER

In 1767 the "Beggar's Opera" was running at Covent Garden. The playbill for the evening of May 16 bore the following notice:—

"End of Act First, Miss Brickler will sing a favourite song from Judith, accompanied by Mr. Dibdin on a new instrument called Piano-Forte."

At Newport, Rhode Island, is a memorial to Michele Felice Corne, reputed to be the first man who had the courage to eat a tomato, local

superstition holding that this fruit was poisonous.

XXX

In the public square at Enterprise, Alabama, is a memorial to that detested insect, the Boll Weevil, "In profound appreciation of what it has done as the Herald of Prosperity." It was a plague of boll weevils that destroyed the American cotton crop some years ago, and thus turned the attention of farmers to the possibilities of other crops. It was thus a blessing in disguise.

What is it?

Here's this week's picture puzzle for you to solve.

The answer to last Sunday's issue was: The business end of an Oil Can.

Hobbies for Submariners—No. 7

How the Ship gets into the bottle

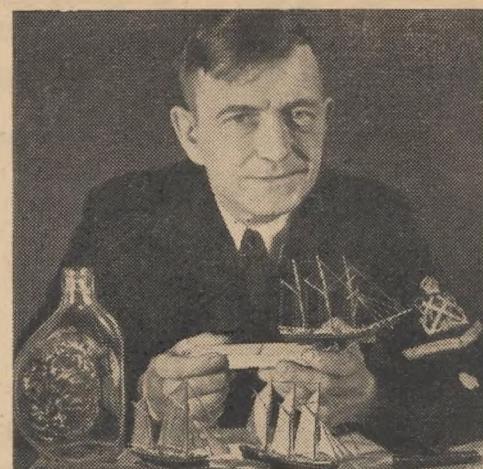


Fig. 1.—C.P.O. Sampson with a model fixed to its "handling block."

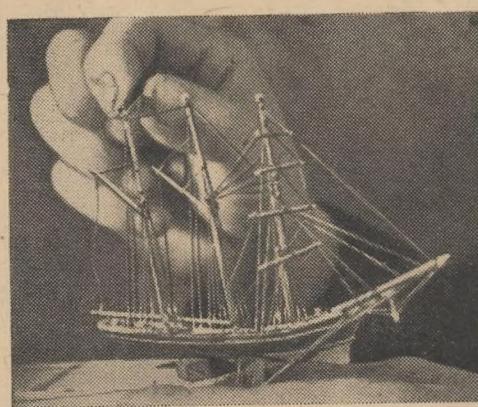


Fig. 2.—Last touches are made to masts before rigging the sails.



Fig. 3.—Rigged and ready from truck to keel, with the important threads passed through their correct holes in bowsprit and hull.

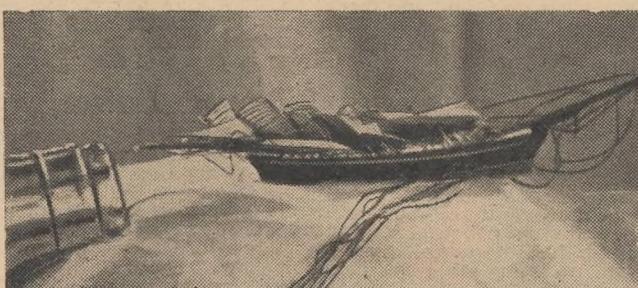


Fig. 4.—Taken off the block, everything lowered aft ready for insertion in the bottle, stern first.



Fig. 5.—Deftly manoeuvred through the mouth of the bottle on to the ready-glued "sea" prepared to secure the keel.

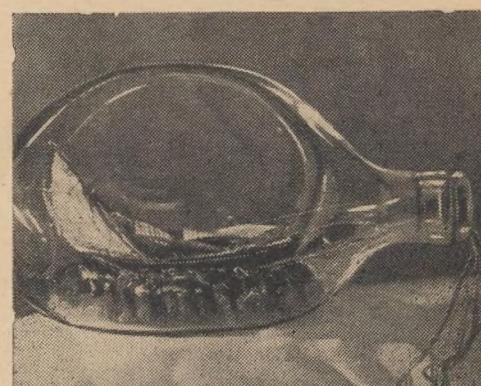
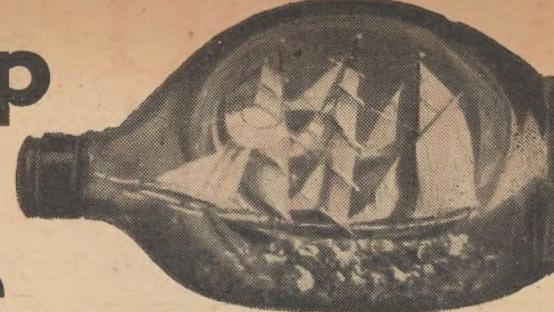


Fig. 8.—When the glue is dry, the thread-ends are burned off with a red-hot wire—a most delicate operation! And-presto!—a Ship in a Bottle.



Fig. 9.—A close-up view of the ship inside the bottle, showing the intricate rigging and the hull firmly fixed.

They called it— Kicking the Bucket

A READER asks us to explain what is meant by "kicking the bucket." If he means how the words originated as applied to departing this life, that's easy. There are two theories.

The phrase dates back to Queen Bess's time, when a shoemaker named Hawkins is credited with getting out of his troubles by standing on an upturned bucket (his neck was in a noose) and then kicking the bucket away—and off he went.

Some etymologists, how-

ever, don't accept this explanation. They say the phrase is connected with the old method of slaughtering pigs in East Anglia, when the pigs usually kicked a "bouquet" (French word), meaning a beam or yoke.

In support of their theory there is also an old phrase about "kicking the beam," which means the same thing as "kicking the bucket." If this pig suggestion is true, then the shoemaker Hawkins died in vain—so far as fame is concerned.

BUCK RYAN



37



38



39



40



41



42

They Couldn't Escape

It is a strange fact that four of the world's greatest illusionists died tragic deaths. Their tricks could not save them.

By ANDRE THORNWOOD

I KNEW them all, the four greatest stage tricksters—Houdini, David Devant, Lafayette and Chung Ling Soo.

They performed amazing trick on the stage to please immense audiences, and they all died under more or less tragic circumstances, which were beyond their wit to escape.

Houdini was more than a trick merchant. He was one of the greatest escapologists who ever lived. I regarded him as the greatest in the world's history, not excluding the so-called Mystery Fakirs of India.

EXPOSED FRAUD MEDIUMS.

One of his greatest desires was to expose fraudulent "spiritualists." He exposed quite a number.

I have seen him getting into his glass-fronted cabinet filled with water, turn head downwards, with his feet manacled, and locks and straps galore all around him. Yet he escaped in view of the audience.

He used to say he could escape from any bonds made, duplicate any trick known, or reproduce any "spiritualistic" revelation or ghost.

The late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle once wrote to him and said that he was sure Houdini was a natural medium.

If he was a natural medium, Houdini was unable to foretell, or prevent, his own tragic death.

A student in America was in Harry's dressing-room, and, in joke, gave Harry a violent blow in the abdomen. In great pain, Houdini went on the stage and gave his evening show; but he collapsed and died two weeks later.

The blow had ruptured his appendix.

WAS IT SUICIDE?

Chung Ling Soo was not a Chinaman at all. His real name was Robinson.

One of his tricks was to catch bullets fired from a rifle. He "caught" them on a plate. Of course, it was a trick. During part of the trick he substituted a plug for a bullet in the double-barrelled rifle. His shows were always lavish with Oriental settings.

One night in 1918 he was performing at Wood Green, London. Something went wrong, and Chung Ling Soo was shot dead. Will Goldston, in a book published later, suggested that Soo (or Robinson) had arranged his own suicide, but the jury at the inquest said it was an accident.

TO SAVE A HORSE.

The Great Lafayette, prince of spenders, also put on elaborate shows.

He was performing at Edinburgh in 1911, at the Empire, when a short-circuit in the electrification started a fire. Soon the theatre was well ablaze.

Lafayette rushed into the flames to rescue a horse he loved. And he never came out alive.

David Devant had the most remarkable hands I ever saw. Gentle, soft, white and elusive, they were. He could do the most amazing conjuring tricks, right in full view of the audience.

But paralysis struck him. His hands were useless. He became almost completely helpless before he died.

Is it not remarkable that these four should all meet distressing deaths within one generation? But, of course, it does not prove anything, so the superstitious need not try to make out a case.

After all, Little Tich died in his bed, and Sir Harry Lauder is still alive. Does that prove anything? Not a thing.

LET'S HAVE A LINE

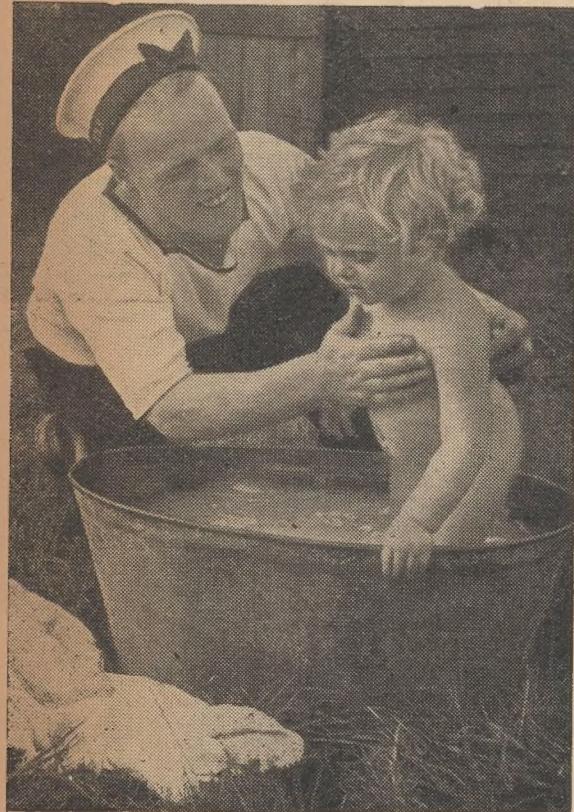
on what you think of
"Good Morning" with
your ideas.

Address top of Page 4.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

PREPARE
TO
DIVE



"Come, come, littel gal, even though you're in deep waters, you're too close to the parent-ship to worry."



This England

The Church Cottage, Rottingdean, Sussex. For many years Rottingdean has been the home of artists and writers. In the graveyard of its 13th Century church, lies the body of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, famous pre-Raphaelite artist. Rudyard Kipling made this Sussex beauty-spot his home for many years.



"I'm Boo-Boo the chimp,
But, say, I'm no chump.
I can play this ol' uke like a trouper."

"Me too—on the sand—
I can play it just grand,
With a twang-twang and Boop-boop-a-doooper."



Someone's telling the tale

Barbara Britton, Paramount star, in "So proudly we Hail," has rather a whimsical smile. Sort of makes you wonder what the guy she's listening to, has got to say. Even though she may not be saying "Oh, Yeah," we doubt if he's getting away with it.



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"If I was a tom-human—I'd like that"

